

**Alana CAMUS HOLLAND**

## **CLEAR WAVES FOR A LAST BUNCH**

### **PAROLES / LYRICS**

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## 1 - My nonpareil kitten

*Scale: G#m - Rhythm: 3/4 - Beat: 192 bpm*

### Part 1

Turkey cutlets given regularly  
became so hard for you to digest,  
a suitable replacement was needed.  
Slices of ham relieved in salt  
made the difficult season an easier step.  
Winter can go by, beside me, you supply the warmth.

Whatever the negative trends unpleasant dreams,  
harsh cramps across my feet often mean,  
stronger than these, our feelings save the night.  
With a shiny fur, always long and slim,  
Life believer, you keep on. Endorsing the light grey  
touches that streak my hair, I do the same.

### Part 2

Jolting lorries, unfathomed vibrations  
disturb sporadically your ears and attention  
if they have now admitted the redefined allotments,  
an increased shortage of hiding places.  
Well appreciated, the front garden, mellow blankets which consolidate  
the lower room haven attribute warrant  
for every afternoon the quietness.

Visiting our estate, there are only friends who never shout  
and you know them all. We have not either forgotten  
to implement several precious indications  
your adopting father left at the end of his five years'  
emotional sojourn as a legacy to fructify.  
With a conduct evolving from theirs,  
we won't fail through this later flight.

### Part 3

While attuning, recent months did not allow  
any potential feline challenger to attempt an intrusion  
that could threaten the borders of your peaceful principality.  
Apart from a strong tendency: drinking fresh water a lot  
like did also the friending Calico, you appear sprightly.  
Matured goers, kidneys sent limited danger signs.

Once realized how faraway seem  
from today on Earth my parents' departs,  
in yester contrast, I remember this closer 2003 dawning,  
your detailed arrival, my nonpareil kitten.

## 2 - Will you stand? we won't bend

*Scale: Am - Rhythm:4/4 - Beat: 152 bpm*

### Part 1

Taking a short break from medias,  
reasonably confident, we have awaited the results.  
Late opinion polls were rather optimistic  
but in the morning,...  
... the proclamation turned cataclysmic.

Already, people wonder why they have abstained  
or, misinformed, voted that way.  
Who's the one to put the first blame on?  
Inconsequently betting, probably Cameron,  
Sanders for his demolition work, however they sounded  
while ambitious sometimes sincere, ordered and convincing.  
Most of us fear another set back,  
political fools got ready to act.

Mrs May, shadowing, supervised  
how to control the E.U trigger and rein  
Nicola Sturgeon.  
The Kremlin strategist has recalled his carrier group  
after those strikes winning the game.

### Part 2

Illustrious captains' apt presenter,  
probably the best, the smiling commodore Kyd  
verified on board everything functions  
before enjoying the handsome reward of the sea trials.  
During news' intervals, we all expected  
our brave queen entirely recovered from a bad cold.

Jeremy Corbyn's arguments can be considered old fashioned  
by the technocrats, their Twitter, Facebook support,  
they keep sense for many who don't share dividends road.

Offences to women's dignity,  
insults maintained against Mexican, Asian  
workers and factories  
were among the worst populist weapons.  
Reactivation of the coal mines, social care laws'  
abrogation, fire arms' restriction rebuked,  
what a program, Mister Trump...  
Will you stand? we won't bend.

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09 January 2017

### 3 - Memories to progress

*Scale: Bbm - Rhythm: 12/8 - Beat: 74 bpm*

#### Part 1

I knew by my mother's telling  
how destructive was the 1947 Ocean Liberty explosion  
for the renaissance almost razed city  
and also heard about the wounds  
a broken window glass did on the kind gentleman's face  
while he worked as department head in the company  
but all that looked distant with the damage repaired.  
A few streets from ours, the house this good person had bought  
saw little change since. Nevertheless, too quickly,  
the sneaky cancer carried away our friend,  
the landlord, your husband and his former son,...

... subtilizing the handwritten will,  
cruelly expelled you from there.

*- short instrumental transition -*

During or after the quest to find a decent flat  
and regain with a pension steadiness, acquaintances,  
you always shone in my heart like a second Auntie,  
turning the first slightly jealous...

... if at the back of the family car,  
every Sunday, together, you discussed.  
What did then confuse your generous mind,  
dignified remembrance, quotidian clearness' harmony?  
Food restriction, the early tormentor's  
false repentance and return, some permanent blues  
a geometric, almost Stalinian,  
urbanization distillates, all three have conjugated.  
Neither the erratic process nor the whirling fall  
could from the breaking point be halted.

Re-anchoring for several months my roots in Wales,  
I did not see your ultimate degradation,  
the discreet burial, it's probably better to retain  
lighted pictures, the old cane armchair as benevolent symbols  
a smiling Breton fairy opportunely touched with her wand.

*- instrumental reintroduction -*

Part 2

Can a communist major serve genuinely  
the French ideals and army? There was no paradox expressed  
after retirement, convivial Marcel, but a plea, you've done it.  
On the brand new built residence, cicadas' welcoming sculptures  
decorated the walls. Planted above the garden,  
original weather-vane, a screw propelled airplane marked its rounds.  
Between the magic ground floor bench and the kitchen stair,  
I spent many hours during the sixties modelling  
wooden ships never completed.  
My undisguised androgynous phase...

... did not hurt your sickness the last day we met.  
Below the mediating battleship Jean Bart frame,  
with your gentle lady partner, as a weekly guest,  
I began to restore music concern and a self confidence.  
Embarrassing my late devoted psychiatrist,  
I'd declared pinches of cannabis  
the most efficient cure for variance situations.

*- short instrumental transition -*

Later nicknamed nice little drummer, this humourous by then  
highway navigating officer was featured essential  
to my careful listener whose cakes, wine and minor  
bank notes paved the road. Several rarities  
from England were added. Meanwhile, here, again, bad luck won.

Soon landed, I learnt that before  
my doomed relative let unconsciousness rule,  
she asked about me. No matter how  
a random push came, monitoring the delay,  
so vividly have answered memories,  
I'm still able to progress.

14 January 2017

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## 4 - The blessing was confirmed

*Scale: Ab/Fm - Rhythm: 4/4 - Beat: 120 bpm*

### Part 1

So untimely has weighed on the previous Autumn  
this nasty buzz, it jeopardized the energizing sensation  
of an accomplished Odyssey then our relief was further spoilt  
by the Winter injury your fainting ankle  
hardly managed to recover from.

Very cautious when questioned about another  
wide scope involving artistic adventure,  
I have favourably considered,  
while neatly dressing, April pleasant interlude.

### Part 2A

At the end of a drive, going more than 60 miles to the South,  
have we rediscovered the lost  
green paradise every Holy Book did mention?  
cleverly nourished, valorized, presented,  
plentiful flowers, vegetables and fruit on their stems  
near venerable trees  
under Saint Tudy's protection were growing.  
Sun appreciators, vague E.T cousins,  
two sphinx cats came along, soliciting rubs, caresses.

### Part 2B

I guess that during the meal  
or between capitals inside the roman church  
like also later, neighbouring the sea gulls  
as walked through the fishing port, by the quays,  
his friend Friar John,  
the Saviour participated, approving.  
May the peaceful blessing continue,  
we'll respect our promise and pass again.

### Transitional Part 3

Among the rented offers we have relied on,  
punctually, heading for celebrations at first  
then the recordings' certitude and comfort,  
let's keep about the Lancia Ypsilons'  
responsive honesty a nostalgic thought.  
It's one of them we left  
after parking to set forth.

Part 4A

In the rather small reception room near the refectory,  
your sudden pallor and weakness worried us a lot.  
Let's incriminate some fatigue there, it has not lasted.  
Our Christian guide could not share anymore Eden sights  
but he chose instead, between monuments,  
a few yards from the shore, Penhador meaningful chapel.  
Darwin would not object to the way  
the creative sower's giving hand,  
the net's procurement as well as the seeds' mutation  
got illustrated.

Part 4B

No further comment was needed.  
So, after this pause at the terrace of the café for a drink,  
successful horizon centring  
and, with camera shots, preserved moments,  
very much like pilgrims once reached Emmaüs,  
in the quiet restaurant, during supper, we have understood  
how expressed on Loctudy, between us, that blessing.

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21 January 2017

## 5 - I just hope you'll agree

*Scale: Bm - Rhythm: 4/4 - Beat: 126 bpm*

### Part 1

Was it another ambush? Surprised and uneasy,  
I've reread the mail, took several days before  
an answer explained my dispositions.  
Without any self content, this young historian's  
motivations proved founded.  
No disgraceful inquest on my present shape would then occur.

### Grand chorus 1

Rarefied documents could give at last no pedestal  
but honour humble heroes by some justice.  
Against invaders' oppression, from the beginning,  
you were not many who did fight  
with conviction and youth,  
however, informations you transmitted to London  
played a vital part. Their contribution,  
while thwarting Günther Lütjens' sinister ambitions,  
helped North Atlantic supply convoys' safety.  
War infamy, duped patriotism  
find all around occasions to spread.  
Keeping our free judgment, we resist.  
I just hope you'll agree.

### Part 2

What a stupid allocation the fat junior minister  
for the veterans emphatically pronounced  
calling the sailors soldiers and endorsing  
Pétain cabinet's reductive conclusions  
at Saint Matthew Point. His left wing pretension  
made that blunder even more inexcusable.  
If undoubtedly, the French Popular Front,  
through a string of measures...

Grand chorus 2

... concretized positive aspirations, its famed leader, Léon Blum,  
misguided, promoted on his own evil eyed Darlan,  
pushing to despair Admiral Mouget's republican loyalty.  
Half eluded chapters also fed tragedies.  
When, in June 40, British troops and Poles  
evacuated Western coast to be later reorganized,  
you did not hesitate, standing immediately by their side  
and doing so until, on ruins, other units insure  
Democracy triumph. Feminism was not yet  
a slogan for banners if, through sufferings,  
authentic comrades have overcome sexual discriminations.  
Keeping like them our free judgment, we resist.  
Whatever the limits of this tardy harvest...

Part 3

... from albums, cardboard and metal boxes,  
the Alliance réseau 's early connections story  
can now be better retraced.  
Yellowing archives old suitcases contained  
seemed unusable for any spoliator's bad intent.  
Your next tomorrow, even in such poor condition,  
meant the priority. Retaining a lot,  
understanding the rest, my evidence on the subject enriched.  
I just hope you'll agree...

25 January 2017

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## 6 - When the drift stabilized

*Scale: C#m - Rhythm: 3/4 - Beat: 208 bpm*

### Part 1

I won't deny any longer the damage done  
in heart and soul by the almost complete lack  
of reaction to my latest well intentioned New Year wishing cards.  
Erosive too was the morning play list  
muzak dominated on the FM radio  
during a three days visit  
less relaxing than waited.

You had decided to reduce drastically  
not the consultations' pursuance  
but among them the large proportion  
whose request implied a certificate elaboration.  
Will such an option stabilize or even stop the drift?  
There's already, at least, an observation:  
if our love may still adapt, it has not weakened.

Like many people getting older, we regret the speed  
Time passage adopted despite the columns  
calendars and repertories put all along as a brake.  
It sounded then refreshing to listen how  
Seal cleverly developed his own "Kiss from a rose"  
retaining, slightly modified, "Woman of the rings"  
introduction idea for a different waved effect.

*Scale: Dm/F*

### Part 2

When we manage, on a return trip,  
to cross the modern bridge that surmounts  
the estuary soon enough, I can't avoid watching from the car  
the Cornish-like village right below.  
There began, three decades ago, my first transcribing partner's  
contrived distantiation but the place still looks fine  
and, with the boats nearby, a dreamscape.

The blue Rover P5 took rank within  
the most expensive of my 1/43 scale treasures  
but also, adding a last touch to the kitchen background,  
among the most attractive,  
smiling, Jessica complimented the choice.

From the bedroom window,  
I often recovered enough optimism to pitch notes  
counting five healthy plumages  
on the other side of the wall in their garden.  
Thank you for this help, good neighbouring hens.

*Scale: A/F#m*

### Part 3

With a much improved stereo quality  
for computer output and rocking boons' exploration,  
a vast amount of secured items  
yet to classify once appreciated,  
little sister, you have resettled your private universe,  
experimented the cooking science.  
On every evening share, after tasting the meal,  
our comments won't lie: you display there an opportune talent.

Indeed, phone conversations don't always allow  
the same dialogue clearness as before  
but easy to pacify,  
your mother fears of hurting never last.

Your caring affection healed wonderfully,  
I'm pretty sure now that our two  
gentle companions can reach some further age  
and enjoy the next Spring

*Scale: E/C#m*

### Part 4

Presumed guilty, the combination of heating  
at the top level and ventilation needed to  
chase away mist adherence from the windscreen  
during rainfalls' succession left withered our breathes.  
No USB plug provided, a laser resort stammering,  
classical stations unsteady, SEAT Ibiza,  
do we owe you that sickness?

White cottages' brutal elimination from the scenery  
had merged three harmful sensations: waste, failure, solitude  
in a single dart: emptiness. My legs endured for a night  
the rack torment but stronger than these,  
a renewed miracle confirmed how cheap was  
the price paid to relate until the end  
our joint adventure when the drift stabilized.

10 February 2017

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## 7 - 3 D routes' magician

*Scale: Gm - Rhythm: 4/4 - Beat: 136 bpm*

### Verse 1

This first meeting was not negative,  
I'd been warned you disliked women,  
at least a good many...

... due to their invading temptations,  
I guess you did not place me, there,  
in the futile category.

Walking as quickly as let us do,  
across the capital, traffic lights, pedestrians,  
we respected the appointments' timetable,  
saw the endocrinologist and obtained,

you, the treatment prescription,  
me, the attestation safeguard  
necessary for a winning judicial file.  
Three quarters went by, then, we spoke about the site...

... of a graphic investment.  
The poor transitioning girl who has interfered  
could not be termed my one hundred per cent  
certified best friend.

If, along weeks, precised,  
with an unjustified mentor appetite,  
her alarming up and downs,  
I've tried to protect your work  
but the main result was a rough break  
in our relationship, you held me in some way  
responsible for the later disquiet.

Through all the surgery process,  
more or less informed, I rejoiced when learning  
your appeased satisfaction.  
The flat you dwelled in for so long  
does remain to me as a mystery,  
yet, from here, I felt moved by your kindness  
regarding rabbits and pigeons.

Grand chorus 1

Already perceived or rather constructively imagined,  
the North West region and sea side perspectives  
acted as a revelation.

Nowhere else but in such areas would reposition  
your 3 D attunement. I'll never forget  
how, appreciatively, you asked me to pilot,  
maps on the knees, by a feminine guidance  
your red Clio driving for a gay man's delicacy and humour,  
when permitted to express, freed from barriers,  
fly over artificial grooves.

Verse 2-A

I'm glad you picked an harbourage in the peninsula,  
defined, ensuing, a splendid communication  
with a young tabby named Sinbad.

Verse 2-B

Cleaned to the perfection, accommodated, furnished soberly  
while enhanced by several African sculptures,  
the ground floor tenancy looked on that evening  
both liveable and the pets' domain, if a little cold  
after these busy hours spent contemplating  
your favourite hike courses. When, as a trio, we have left,  
none of us thought the local specifiers' inquisitiveness  
could imperil your assumed pleasures.

Grand chorus 2

Inconsequential when reconsidered,  
the quarrel which opposed briefly your annoyed views  
and the younger casualness two sons practice  
should not matter now, it just coloured an anecdote.  
However, the post traumatic stress disorder  
you undubitably suffer from pushed your sensitiveness' return shocks  
to an extreme point often preventing forgiveness  
about other people mistakes. You always find  
with a coastal nature so beautiful real understanding  
and show, through a gallery, from such an exchange,  
3 D routes' magician, the right symbiosis.  
I could not stop while putting on rhythm these lines.  
Don't hesitate calling back, you're welcome.

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15 February 2017

## 8 - Connected from Sarcelles

*Scale: Eb/Cm - Rhythm: 4/4 - Beat: 132 bpm*

### Part 1

#### Verse 1

A somewhere imposed agenda, pounded, undiscussed argumentations,  
out of touch egos duelling made of this assembly  
a painful nonsense. How entertaining while a relief  
moved after, in the night, the colloquial  
figure's saloon that led us back to the door.

#### Chorus 1

On the armchair, very troubled by your caressing approach,  
I avoided to answer directly but the few pictures taken there  
often reminds me of an engraved vision  
from another life and epoch, impossible now  
to really actualize.

#### Verse 2

With no Asperger syndrom diagnosed yet,  
the ironic bites, intransigent critics  
and churchy habits our 2007 visitor had professed,  
undervaluing your significant gift were not judged by me  
as inadequate or macho but odious, I soothed the grief.

#### Chorus 2

Never so much was questioned  
my physical orientation and disgust  
for male presumption, however, I stopped  
before going too far, aware of the upsetting  
a love betrayal would create. We can't always rebuild  
from circumstances.

#### Verse 3

After this epic Russian episode,  
turning to the Far East an unaltered interest for travels,  
with your rare technical books and atlases' collection  
extending regularly, you have awaited  
my less frequent Sunday calls.

#### Chorus 3

To celebrate with a more accurate  
catchy pop/rock touch your birthday  
or during Hanukkah, I'd selected truthful ambassadors,  
you've checked their parcelled credentials.  
Meanwhile, these are not sophisticated chronicles I've ordered  
but exhaustive, passionate reflections.

Part 2

Retired colleagues' non replacement  
has increased the pressure, this is why  
your efficient rhythm adapted.  
However, permanent, weariness contradicts  
a vibrant desire to communicate on matters analysed.

The dramatic surge of terrorist attacks  
when their peak burst out did not spare the quiet  
Jewish community, fortunately,  
brainwashed teen agers' manipulation  
has not affected too seriously...

... until now underground trains and your commuter belt.  
Marking the nearby airport, jet planes' pollution complicates  
your good week end clean.

Pirate merchants trapped on the web,  
electoral primaries' shake, behind the topics are maintained  
our secrets and romanticism,  
watchful inspirer, connected from Sarcelles.

20 February 2017

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## 9 - Some kind of requiem

*Scale: Em - Rhythm: 3/4 - Beat: 184 bpm*

### Verse 1

Perceptible despite the sleep  
but difficult to situate exactly,  
a noise has prolonged,  
like a muffled cascading rockfall  
and it lasted for several minutes.  
In the silent morning, without any cluck animation,  
looking at the coop enclosure  
where feathers shed carpeted the ground,  
I've sadly understood the loss.

### Chorus 1

What a strange lament I'd heard  
at the end of the night before, around 5 a.m.  
Was it coming from a bird or a wild mammal?  
Opening the toilet room window,  
I have not identified the creature behind those cries,  
they could emanate from a pair  
inspecting the access.  
I've discovered since how sinisterly yaps a fox,  
my benefacteresses are gone.

### Verse 2

With the reassurance of your hand's comfort  
to clear my conscience, I could stand the fork  
movements extracting one by one  
the piteous remains to insert them in dust bags.  
Will the foolish owners' attitude  
meliorate from that ordeal? It's rather doubtful.  
I don't lay all charges on the red  
predator's instinct while noticing  
helliborine flowers, their bloom has almost reached  
my late Julia's dedicated square.

### Chorus 2

Inscrutable partaker, from the newt house, the bearded guy,  
during the course of the following Saturday,  
has dismantled entirely  
what formed at first a cabin for the dogs  
then a gardening tools' cubby-hole and finally,  
let without a proper closing gate, the fateful shelter.  
While rubbles accumulated, their piling head's talkative daughter  
rode a childish tricycle.

Verse 3

If the large greenish stain on the rank of breeze-blocks behind  
cannot prove very hard to erase,  
the later use this awkward and superficial tribe  
probably does intend for the unexpected available tiny yard  
won't bring any forgiveness in my elegiac description  
and neither rehabilitate the shifty viewer's  
suspect disengagement. Like our emotive cat  
who, having lost his daily fellows,  
smelt the clandestine danger, once again modified  
his outings' direction, I must catch another steady hold.

Chorus 3

When we set up as a screen to protect us from opposite nuisances  
a frosted plate of Plexiglass, it should also redefine  
without obsessional remorse  
my preserved concord with the Past.  
The encouragements you have delivered  
while becoming on the grass family characters  
and even through your martyrdom  
will not fade if they keep enlightened  
some kind of requiem.

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28 February 2017

## 10 - The Lorraine cross symbols

*Scale: A/F#m - Rhythm: 4/4 - Beat: 96 bpm*

### Part 1

It was quite a journey there,  
once left the city centre...

Climbing slowly the ascent  
along the shipyard's outer wall,  
the often crowded archaic bus  
passed in the middle of the barracks' district  
to serve the stop near the small citadel  
where officiated the postwar bakery.

Welcoming customers from the street,  
Kazan, the impressive shepherd dog  
alleviated the sensation of neglect  
scattered pastry and broken eggs  
infused from the back shop  
while, upstairs, never cruel,  
in the former spacious guard room,  
Andrée's irresistible laugh  
made each occasion a relaxing share.  
To return home then, we favoured the Dyna Panhard,  
its roaring engine Jo mastered so well.

### Part 2

The decent Aronde and chauffeur  
were not a trading class  
reference point anymore  
when, always elegant and innovative,  
the very special  
Mrs Fouchard adopted Jocky,  
a majestic but fragile chow chow.

First notable step untying the chains  
a sclerotic educational system grouped,  
the viral hepatitis I fought hardly against  
also made me lose the contact with  
non immediate kins, I was told about  
the Chinese envoy's heart collapse.  
Echoed through the factual magazines,  
the mini skirt revolution had begun to persuade  
my last inhibitions' reserve, it looked yet premature.  
Iconoclast students' rioting soon degenerated.

*Rhythm: 3/4 - Beat: 176 bpm*

Part 3

Charléty Stadium comploters had prepared  
what they thought to benefit from:  
a successful coup d'état.  
Like many, having heard the quite  
legitimate discourse on the waves, I defiled.  
As long as the great communicator  
stood at the helm, forecasting,  
the Jesuitical Superior's  
threat and mocks did not count  
but after, this spiteful priest and medalled warrior  
arrogated the right to sentence when he specified  
on the scholastic bulletin my perpetual banishment  
from any public recognition.  
Farewell, confessional teaching,  
the State litterary upper sixth  
restored my dignity.

*Rhythm: 4/4 - Beat: 116 bpm*

Part 4

The metastatic growth had already  
migrated from the liver and generalized  
but, still smiling, the valiant lady  
accepted the doomed combat.  
A little less sombre, reviving anthem,  
“in the ghetto” by Elvis was topping the charts.

Illusions' conveyors  
like could, in retrospect, also be  
Woodstock and Wight,  
philosophical paradoxes  
gave free talks their moments.  
No one yet tried, for his career,  
to appropriate the Lorraine cross symbols.

05 March 2017

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## 11 - Toni approved that claim

*Scale: F/Dm - Rhythm: 3/4 - Beat: 188 bpm*

### Part 1

Pretty lies, nebulous promises, the hypocritical  
culture deputy had mainly noticed  
my legs and the carmine suit-dress,  
evading musical subjects  
and realizations he never intended to care for,  
I've been fooled once more.

On the previous Christmas,  
using as go-between the retailer's van,  
I'd offered you orchid flowers  
and later, by the phone, clarified  
the radical change I sailed from,  
however, you were shocked at first sight  
then, discoloured, vanished the boyhood status  
while our long established confidence reinforced.

### Part 2A

Severe diabetes turned secluded your life  
with the rescuing constraint of injections.  
When Misty stopped in my arms his faithful beats,  
among the links that survived,  
most seemed there obsolete.

*Scale: A/F#m*

### Part 2B

The one we activated during many hours,  
unaware it would be the last time,  
compelled me, going back, to take an unsafe  
vehicle on the evening line,  
young adults' jeers burnt like hell.

### Part 2C

How easily mutate before dusk  
from indulgence to bleakness surroundings.  
Out of their reach, I've balanced pros and cons,  
felt this armour around me: a goodwill island,  
here should flourish my only wealth.

*Scale: Gm*

Part 3A

Rather poetic scansion than allusive omen,  
the Avalon nursing home, by a judicious shaded location,  
allowed its able occupants budgeting  
to frequent, down the lift, the attractive hypermarket  
and so temper isolation.

*Scale: Bm/D*

Part 3B

Toni, all the afternoons  
we spent conversing have refreshed  
my undeterred claim for the admission of the right gender.  
Without any tangible proof,  
you offered me full support.

*Scale: Gb/Ebm*

Part 3C

I rejoiced even more  
when, after the clothing and make-up test,  
amazed by the result,  
your distinctive Gascon accent  
approved my steadiness.

Part 4

An evident mind confusion  
and partial oversight of today's world  
from that aged confidante recurrently troubled  
the exchange quality during my accounts,  
dismayed, I've renounced.

Each arrival then in Montparnasse Station  
marked a victory scaling down  
stiffness and indifference.  
Most items purchased earlier  
could demonstrate on me their charms,  
contributing probably when, already soulmates,  
we dared to be lovers.

Was it only pragmatism or a recomposed  
harmony calling to home its players?  
They might both explain  
this chosen move and our consistence.  
Rarer became the bad encounters  
when, together, we sat near Toni whose lucidity has,  
before leaving, approved ours.

14 March 2017

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## 12 - On the keys, Robert plied

*Scale: Am - Rhythm: 4/4 - Beat: 128 bpm*

### Part 1

#### Verse 1

There was all along a lack of dynamism and humour  
when took frames those freaky numbers  
except for their compiling title: "harbour tramps"  
but this attempted break from the locking binary standards  
did awake in my depth the wish to ally notes and drives.

#### Little chorus 1

Disorganizing the lyrics' structure  
to hide among the stories  
crude female hints  
made the flop and despair even worse.

#### Verse 2

Rather than submitting honest ideas, strong emotions  
to an unpredictable handyman's digression,  
I should have experienced diatonic support  
from his father, you, uncle Robert.  
Assimilating knowledge about scales,  
I've resituated my projection, your wise temper  
in a sketch for a later development.

#### Little chorus 2

Looking both dated and far out,  
suspected of traffic  
by the Folkestone immigration officer,  
belated, I faced another treason.

#### Verse 3-A

By no way, Mister, I've obeyed  
your depreciative rules, keeping uncut my hair,  
refusing to express adulation  
when, in a concert hall,  
passed among the audience  
the respectable Graham Parker.

Verse 3-B

Your sardonic second class guru found with me  
the perfect laughing stock.  
My Neil Young-like features and the mention I did  
of the Kinks as favourite rock band deserved more  
than a ransom taken on the money I spared  
but despite your stingy attitude...

Little chorus 3

...From the flat below, the Scottish couple  
I've never rightly thanked for the food and rest,  
as weaved Mike Oldfield's record,  
led me forth.

*Rhythm: 3/4 - Beat: 196 bpm*

Part 2

Labelled incongruous, rejected  
by the austere accompanist, the chromatic jokes  
starting from the "Milord" pastiched chorus bars  
forced me to search and rebuild.

Edvard Grieg's piano expressions  
descending gave a former clue  
but, insistent, pledged behind it an association:  
your image, Robert, pressing the keys  
as bellows improvised on the old "dénicheur" theme.

How better defined the voyage  
through political turmoil and historic arguments.  
I knew this lucid engagement  
for subsequent interpretations would matter.

*Scale: Cm*

Part 3

Machiavellian exploiter, efficiently seconding  
U.S republican administrations to wreck Soviet economy  
and Gorbachev's management, distorting Jesus' precept  
about the protection of children's innocence,  
the Vatican blasphemy accompliced perverted pedophiles.

When, in a cinema,  
before the movie was played “*Backstreet girl*”,  
some part of the pure  
romance I lived got preserved.  
To invite there on a waltz my Auntie,  
Francis Lemarque guided the chords  
and, afterwards, rising hope through sorrows,  
attending our magical rendezvous,  
behind the lyric flights Dominique has conveyed,  
your realism, my perceptions met.

*Scale: Fm - Rhythm: 4/4 - Beat: 128 bpm*

Part 4

To counter once for all  
the depraved operations of the service provider,  
obtaining both the concilator's and the regional  
delegate's involvements, I'd assembled with documents  
as genealogy proofs photographed similitudes  
but they don't mean more than a relative truth.  
Can the new French and German elections' victors  
be strong enough to repulse  
beyond five years the fascist spectrum?  
I've prayed for that, arguing, while,  
on the keys, Robert plied.

25 March 2017

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## 13 - Joseph house continuance

*Scale: C#m/E - Rhythm: 4/4 - Beat: 124 bpm*

### Verse 1

In order to avoid any burglar's temptation  
as well as onlookers' gossip, every day, we maintained  
for the nearby house an appearance of normality,  
putting up and down the windows blinds  
even if, alas, chances of seeing back there  
the frail owner we often thought about  
were inexistent. On the kitchen sideboard,  
almost physically tangible,  
answering like he knew when still among us,  
from the colourful pictures laid,  
her jovial husband has, until now,  
alleviated my strains, calmed incertitude waves.

### Chorus 1

I had chosen to convince my reluctant mother  
of Julia's domestic ableness,  
fully verified before Yule, an attractive Radiola set.  
Mister Joseph assured the transport.

### Verse 2

Was the clipping of range  
by the Shure detection the sole culprit?  
Discouraged, I have not felt ready for a rescue attempt.  
On the return, after expressing  
our respects to the cemetery,  
watching the F.M aerial on the roof, I realized  
a seagull, landing, uncoupled the branches.  
Did the sky place a sign? Consequently,  
all that could, D.I.Y repaired, be prolonged,  
counselled and sometimes helped by  
the clever retired petty officer,  
kept busy my will, my hands.

### Chorus 2

The good man recently purchased a nice V.C.R  
and in front of the screen, from the armchair, he explained  
how much does persist a vital risk when performed  
such heart operations, he never went beyond  
the convalescence.

*Rhythm: 3/4 - Beat: 192 bpm*

Verse 3-A

Fighting the depression that ensued  
while empty quarters underlined  
the absent dialogue, made insipid the food  
with a tender witness, Océane,  
the white Maltese puppy asking for attention  
and regular walks,  
the rather introvert if stubborn  
shaken lady kept in the area an anchor to hang on.

Verse 3-B

She felt uneasy at first to reintegrate  
my honest living as a feminine one  
but this mind exertion did not last,  
better founded, our mutual confidence got increased.  
The carpeting Autumn leaves,  
fallen from the trees I planted long ago,  
had been swept when, invited by Tom,  
Mrs Joseph enjoyed  
the informal 2013 réveillon and the songs we'd cared for.

*Rhythm: 4/4 - Beat: 124 bpm*

Verse 3-C

The treacherous design in spiral of the stair,  
without a banister, left no recapture possible.  
Too many hours were lost, the brain damage,  
once the fracture reduced, turned the maze  
fluctuant...

Chorus 3

Thirty eight months later, I've written  
and sadly told about the final sailing  
to the only neighbours who, like us,  
with the best intents, by listen or watch,  
perceived Joseph house continuance.

2 February 2018

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## 14 - They rose near Gabriel

*Scale: Em - Rhythm: 4/4 - Beat: 120 bpm*

### Verse 1

Sollicitation, pretences, comeback  
were recurrently employed,  
allied or separately on Facebook  
by this unsuitable short-term Pygmalion.  
His narrow-minded political views  
and protective selfishness made you fear  
a rejected pet's abandon in the flat.  
So was quickly taken the sound decision to adopt  
an unfortunate elder cat.

### Chorus 1

The pair of big dogs kept secure Gabriel's quietness  
when we discovered the transient sojourn that he shared.  
Accepting all eventualities, you did not hesitate  
and found the ideal companion.  
To learn, later, the presence of the non-evolving  
F.I.V in his blood was, indeed, quite a shock  
but with those indoor games,  
special care and private surroundings,  
you'll both win.

### Verse 2

The Parkinson disease that affects  
so painfully your devoted Mum  
does not restrain the large scope  
very often reached with her  
by our daily conversations.  
Always disconcerting juggles from words  
while unoffending jokes,  
the "Pierronettes" have rarely failed  
to bring through evenings you participate  
some relaxation.

### Chorus 2

I understand how important it is  
for you to invite us, plan a meal...  
Yes, we fully enjoyed every supper you organized.  
Well accustomed now, acting like a good genius  
whose expressive blue eyes will never tell a lie,  
our silky Siamese friend,  
by subtle appeasements, redefined space and hours,  
respecting your progressive rock music world.

*Beat: 136 bpm*

Strong electric phase

The Turkish dictator propagates  
his minorities denial further on.  
European reactions, once again, have little weight.  
The free Burma conscience, for her part, looks inefficient to stop  
Asian muslims segregation.  
Both Koreas managed, at least a moment, to discuss  
while in the Knesset, Mister Pence defended  
from his agitated boss the flaming options.  
On a more economic scale, we must soon re-confront  
the butter crisis. Radio, T.V,  
whatever the media we consult,  
many dangers proceed.

*Beat: 120 bpm*

Verse 3 - outro

Please don't condemn for ever  
pertinent thoughts, intuitions to wanders.  
Maturing, some could, one day, be written.  
Like did mine here, they rose near Gabriel.

24 January 2018  
reviewed on 6 May 2018

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## 15 - The love light in your eyes

*Scale: Bm - Rhythm: 3/4 - Beat: 184*

### Verse 1

Very soon after these fall and cracks  
of a display case and the phone calls sent  
on the way to Mably,  
it became obvious something wrong  
eroded your whole attitude about life,  
moving less and less from the mat,  
while, for the largest part, a quite notable  
appetite faded

### Chorus 1

Pains across the spine, throat and lungs' malfunction  
were not strong enough, they did not alter  
the unavoidable peregrinations by bus  
to the clinic welcome, its benevolent vet.  
The neighbouring nurse  
that ignored troubles, offered no help  
has proved there how mean or vile  
a disdain can spread.

### Verse 2

During a week on the bed,  
together, we fought and obtained for each other  
some kind of recovery.  
Positive went practices,  
acute recording sessions. When Summer ended,  
from heart wounds got shaped  
a specular track.

### Chorus 2

Yet, with vaccinations' renewal  
was confirmed an alert.  
Urea's, creatinine's,  
abnormal high rates to be kept  
under control requested  
a drastic change of food ingredients.  
The adaptation succeeded  
but later grew wicked loads.

Verse 3

For the seventh time, I'd travelled easily  
using the bridge upheld between unforgettable sceneries,  
characters of the last century and, once admitted  
recent disillusion, a local drama,  
younger programs, expectations.  
A few Dutch warships' scale models fitting out  
set an interval. Marlène's comments added there  
some vivid touches.

Chorus 3

Genuine caresses on the belly turned to  
worried palpations, they revealed the tumours' extent.  
Through surgery, ablations, twice, gave you months of respite  
but no release. Antibiotics then allowed celebrations' file  
and Christmas' convivial passage. Nevertheless, awfully tired,  
you did not join the next reunion. As January rolled by,  
before leaving us for so long, grateful, was shining  
a goodbye message: the love light in your eyes.

20 January 2018

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